

You, O My Love

O my love, I revel in your occupation.  
You, the woman who awakes beside me in the dark,  
and first thing, before the sun arises,  
or gods have time to order our fated day,  
you, my love, reach for me and grasp.

You lean your spirit into my resting warmth  
and nuzzle your nesting, dreamy slumber away.  
You, among all things awake at this dark hour  
think on love and the making of our union.

It is remarkable that the air hangs there  
and the machine of the ticking clock holds back.  
It is you who wills these intrusions to stand aside  
and stand still. You, your consciousness residing  
deeper than the core of earth, slows the beginning  
of the day into a breathless waiting whisper.

When I hear others talk of morning, I think on you.  
Their love is surely precious, but it is not like yours.  
You own the morning.  
The gods are still at bay and I believe they are  
sleeping, purposely, waiting until you, my love,  
decide what day it is and why and me.

I am like the air, hanging. I am your heat  
and you are mine and the covers that envelop  
our nesting bodies, the ocean. The waves of  
love run deep and dark and silent.  
And there's you. My love, o you.

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